# ...Cupid's Pen...

By E. LIVINGSTON PRESCOTT.

A small, grave personage of five, seated within the lee-side of a porch, on a shabby old coat neatly folded, surveyed the pathless wilderness of Belgrave square, London. tered and voiceless. It was a chilly autumn night, and he had been there for two mortal hours, in obedience to certain instruc-

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tions, for he was a soldier's son. But the fashionable desert grew to look dreadful in the gathering wintry darkness, and swept drifts of sodden leaves in wild eddles about his head. His lips quivered, his big gray eyes filled; in spite of sore effort to maintain a strict military demeanor of martial blankness, a whimper escaped him. It is true that if a rare passer-by glanced his way he professed to whistle. and his small blue fingers played tremblingly with a few nuts placed in his lap by his late guardian; but a vast and unknown terror was really coming close upon him

with the November night. When at last a big policeman, looking ten feet high, with a helmet like the crest of Golfath of Gath, paused at the porch, he thought his last hour had come. He resolved, however, to die like a man and a soldier, though he screwed up his mouth see the process. But A250's large hand on his little shoulder was gentle as an angel's wing. He had left a blue-eyed youngster playing on the rug in the firelight at home. Also, as he stooped his big head to peer into the shadows, his salutation was a hap-

"Hallo, Colonel!" he said.

The small sentry pricked his ears, and, rising rather shakily on his cold little legs. executed a precise regulation salute. Well, that's pretty, anyway! Tell me,

sonny, what you're doing here, all alone. Last man on the beat saw you, too."

A250, casting a furtive, nervous glance at the folded coat, started. "How long ago

might that be?" "Bout fwee hours, 'fink."

The policeman shook his head and muttered, remembering the last constable's seen rushing, coatless and white-faced, riverwards. He took the small chill fingers tenderly in his own, and said coaxingly: me, kiddy. It's her Majesty's orders, that is. See? Have your tea and a warm, and"-his voice faltered trifle-"we'll find father. Which," he added mentally, "Lord forgi'e me, is a lie."

But the promise was kept-in a sense. The dismal wreck of "fazer" came duly ashore with other jetsam somewhere down perserveringly questioned, could only say that his own name was Neville, that the dead man had been a soldier, and that he too, was to be a soldier when he grew up. He was incapable, for two reasons-innate reserve and a limited vocabulary-of relating a career distinguished by a streak of mad courage shining amid a hopeless array of vices, or of telling of one soft spot of more than womanly tenderness to the child, neglected by a drunken slattern of a wife, dead two years before.

The only possible identification of the boy was a tiny silk bag, hung by an old metal chain about his neck, holding a silver locket of common Indian work, under whose cracked glass frowned vaguely the faded photograph of a young male face with an indescribable ink monogram below. A250 contrived to interest a philanthropist he knew in the "case," and the waif was sent to a big orphanage. He grew up a grave, stolld boy, with secret dark grey eyes and a close-shut mouth, whose golden idol was duty. This unusual standpoint of childhood caused him to be regarded as a "lusus naturae;" as it were a sort of local infidel. He falsified every sacred tradition of boy life by liking work and thinking play dull. Once, indeed, pressed at a sore pinch as "sub" into the school football team, he charged the enemy as if he were leading a forlorn hope, with a lofty and glowing countenance; but when his side won uttered only a remote inner chuckle of satisfaction and shrank from all attempts at good fellowship. His turn coming to go out into the big world beyond, he had, as of old, but one aspiration, which lit up his serious dark features-to be soldier. He went, accordingly, with a flawless repute of the smartest boy at drill and the best-behaved at lessons. But nobody missed him: there was a lack of human-

It was the same when he joined his reg! ment. He took, in regimental festivities, the slient part of a lay figure; his face only shone dumbly when there was a rumor of war, and his comrades were unand despise their humble joys. It was the same, too, in India; where he prowled,

still preserved some traces of having once been a country village, stood an old gray cottage, whose windows were veiled by lace curtains artistically caught aside to show a great green palm, and whose mod est front door bore on a neat brass plate, Electore, Robes et Modes."

Mademoiselle Eleonore, whose name wa Elecnore-plainly, Mrs. Erne-played pro priety, with yards of silk spread before her, seissors in her hand and her heart in her mouth, behind the folding doors. "Don't go, mother!" Nell, seeing her

intention, and besought her in a voice of agony a minute since

But Mrs. Erne was determined, as sh Croker a chance; and his agony was greater than Nell's. Besides, had she not Vowed to her own spoilt boy-her innocent

clothes, with a beautiful shiny hat of the last West End shape-or so he was however, did not suit him played the impassioned football of ninewhat he imagined to be Mademoiselle Fleonore's ideal, he made, alas, a por business of it. He had conned books of

which Nell, who had had an education far above her sphere, secretly criticised in spite of herself-with lapses into the latest music-hall slang, which revolted her naturally pure taste, the whole broken by in tervals of dismal stuttering, he had laid his heart and salary, also a £500 legacy received from a maiden aunt, at her feet. But Nell put out her little white hand. slightly pricked on the small fore finger, as if to keep him off. The red, red rose in her cheek was not the signal of love.

"Oh. I couldn't!" she said, faintly. "Indeed I couldn't-couldn't-couldn't!" "And why not?" asked Croker-he almost said "H'why not?" with a remembrance of

a Wicked Earl at a drama at which h

had assisted. "Sure, if the rose-He was proceeding to lose himself horticultural and other analogies when Nell stopped him abruptly with a fine crushing masterpiece of feminine logic She turned round with an effort, as if to gaze upon some peculiarly aggravated specimen of a spider or black-beetle. The wave of her small hand was now no longer

deprecation, but a command. "Because," she said convincingly-a long pause, in which the suitor looked darkly

upon her-"because-I-couldn't." The crystalline simplicity of this argument seemed to strike Croker with conviction-or, possibly, disgust. This was all the effect his glowing eloquence, his legacy, his silk hat, his promised devotion of a lifetime had produced-this commonplace, senseless reply, such as a mere-say ploughman-might elicit by his boorish wooing from a rejecting Sarah Jane.

see"-he unconsciously imitated Nell's iteration. His tone even became vulgar, as he added lamely: "That's it, is it?"

Nell immediately recovered her self-possion: grew, indeed, quite majestic. Sh might have been a duchess-not a stage or fictional one-by the manner in which she held up her head and froze him by no more than a look. But she was really sorry, too, for him, when she detected tears in his eyes, as, with a boyish "It's beastly hard." he bolted out of the room. Then Mademoiselle Eleonore was mildly

"Why do you do. it, Nell?" said th mother, half proud, half vexed at her girl'

"Do what, mother?" said the little puss as meek as might be, now, "Refuse all your brother's friends. It vexes him. And I'm sure our boy never takes up with anybody low, if he is trifle wild, as they all will be."

"I've only refused three, mother, darling. And-and they're not low, of course-but-" "Well, child?"

"Well, mammy," said Nell shyly, struggling to express her meaning, "if they wouldn't pretend to be more than they are, and would speak straight and stern, as a man should speak, I think-" Then she flung herself upon her mother, and stopped her mouth with kisses and pretty assurances that she would be an old maid, and never, never leave her own darling mammy, and so was let alone.

Her brother, however, took her to task with youthful severity. "What's the matter with them?" he inquired. He had Nell on his knee, and, holding her firmly with one arm, put up his hand, and turned her face toward him: such a pretty face, delicate as a spring flower, yet with a touch of pride about the small, curved mouth and long-fringed, drooping evelids. "What's amiss with my friends? Aren't they good enough?"

"Perhaps they're too good," cried Nell. They're not up to her mark." with airy feminine evasion and an experimental attempt to free herself.

"Oh, I know!" he returned sarcastically. "Yes, you can kiss me on my cheek---' he turned it patronizingly to her-"but you don't stop my mouth. I'm not the mater to be bamboozled so."

"You're afraid I shall rub-it-off." sa Nell, offensively, tracing the outline of an imaginary mustache on her own upper "Poor boy! You may well be. Why. Roste Martin has ever so much more."

Now Miss Rosie Martin had turned her elementary nose and pouted a pair of somewhat overfull crimson lips in scorn at the youthful advances of Master Erne; hence this small piece of retaliation on Nell's part.

"all niggers have." "Don't! She's-my-acquaintance." said

Nell, with an artificial pout. "I should like to know who your friends

are, or will ever be, Miss Nun." he grum-"Mother and you, darling; and I don't want any better." Nell murmured, with

give up that dreadful idea of being a sol But he laughed and put her down and began to swagger to and fro, whistling like

her arm around his neck; "if you'd only

a lark, "Go where glory waits thee." It was Erne's carrying out this intention that brought the new thing aforesaid into Neville's life with the coming of the last

batch of recruits. The next bed to the premature cynic, Neville, was assigned to a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired boy, who, though conventionally a man, was a child in nature; a slight, weedy lad, with harmless laughter and tears alike close at hand. Petted at home, every man, dog and horse was a comrade to young Erne; every authority a patron and friend, for he had never in his life been snubbed. Even Neville could not resist him, and his reserve was a

One night, returning by an unfrequented oad at his usual sober pace to barracks. saw one or two human birds of prey hovering over an object that lay in the shadow of a trio of palms. At his approach they took wing, and there lay little Erne, senseless, with a strong odor of poisonous native spirits about his pink lips, a nasty cut among his fair curls, no money in his pockets and a signet ring he proudly paraded gone. His slim body was limp and

helpless and his eyes fast closed. Neville, with a grunt, picked him up and carried him two long miles to hospital. He was at some pains to call there next daywas passing, he said-and to inquire casually if Erne was likely to die. Reassured, he sauntered away without remark. Little Erne, however, sent him several urgent messages and straggling pencil notes tal, to be received, literally, with open arms, for the boy danced in his bed, with both hands stretched out, and flooded the with phrases of exaggerated gratidoctor, who had dragged the facts from Neville, and he would not rest till he had wrung from his comrade a vow to come

One day he found the boy beaming tear- | temporal and spiritual, to him; and he, who als till he had fully over a letter from home. He thrust it had never shed a tear since his infancy, Ah, well if she's lost a brother she's found

But Erne insisted. "See how fond they re of me. bless them!"

It was a pretty letter, in a pretty hand, with a subtle tender perfume of home about it; foolish little jokes, small insinuated preachments, fond dashes, and hundred kisses, from your loving sister,

It pricked Neville in some hitherto unrecognized region. Yet it was like something he had always wanted, without knowing it, and he had a stiff, half-lower-

ing look of pain as he returned it. "What do you think of it?" cried Erne,

"Don't know." "Don't know! I tell you my sister Nell's he greatest darling-"

Neville cut him short with a black frown. 'Needn't tell these fools, need you?" for the neighboring invalids were sniggering. "But don't you call it a jolly letter?" the boy urged.

Neville supposed it was all right-for some people. Then he suddenly began to read his comrade a cutting lecture on drink and other diversions.

"Hallo! Are you pious?" "Never mind. You ought to be." He inand the boy, being still weak and the ward friendship was common property-a few. darkish, began to whimper penitentially.

ville kicked the bed leg pointedly once or His treachery succeeded. The letter was opened and a photograph fell out on to the floor. Neville picked it up with a kind of reverence, and handed it, face downwards, to the owner, who, after a careless glance, handed it back, remarking, "Just like Nell."

While he read extracts from the letter aloud. Neville continued to stare dreamily at the photograph. Perhaps he was discovering what that hitherto uncomprehended, unspoken want was: for at last, "Oh, I see!" said he, bitterly. "I see-I the sudden Indian twilight having fallen, he said, under his breath, as if in spite of himself: "I never had a home."

"What's that?" said Erne, who was wrestling with a woefully garbled feminine version of a football match of his former

Neville replied gloomily that it was nothing. He easily, however, induced the boy o read all future letters to him; even sometimes borrowed one on some pretext, and brooded long over it.

When Erne came out of hospital, he found himself severely taken in hand. He was made an abstainer from alcohol, conducted to Bible classes, which Neville had never attended on his own account, and, falling in with the idea, wrote flourishing narratives home of his progress and its author. He had no false shame, and delighted to talk of his people; talk to which his comrade listened with a strange crav-

"Of course," Erne said one day, "we're not rich. Mother's a widow, and they've got a little dressmaking business, you see, But she and Nell keep everything pretty nice, don't you know. My mother was maid to a lady; married from the house, and when she lost father and her mistress was ill, she went back to nurse her. They took an awful fancy to Nell, and paid for her education, and would have adopted her, but we two couldn't bear to part with her. Besides, she's as shy as a bird with strangers, though the dearest little woman

Neville hazarded a moody hint that this paragon had probably many suitors. "Turns up her nose at all my friends!" the boy declared emphatically. "I brought lots of Johnnies-capital chaps-home, but my lady wouldn't look at one of them." Neville asked why.

"Oh! Nell's a romantic little puss. Neville looked still more gloomy and

asked no more questions just then. In due time a letter came from Erne's mother, to thank and praise him for his kindness to the home darling. He flushed darkly as he read it, for though it was ostensibly from Mrs. Erne, he knew the handwriting.

Erne, quite unaware that several effusions had been written and torn up, lest they should shock Nell's fastidious taste. worried him to reply. But though Neville would only send a stiff message, he did many foolish things secretly; as studying the boy's profile and tracing in its glorified likeness a visionary Nell. By and by, Neville being promoted, the two saw less of each other-a cause of morbid self-reproach "Of course," said he, dispassionately, to Neville when, later, a tragic cloud blot-

One day little Erne went out, gay and through the doorway. When next he saw those eyes they were fast glazing. The close fair curls the mother's hand would never touch again were damp with heavy dews of death. The lad had gone, with other lads, on a scramble up the hills, devouring recklessly any wild fruits they came across. He managed faintly to make the doctor understand that he had eaten "something like a cucumber." His comrades had to carry him back, moaning, writhing in burning agony.

An hour or so, and night had fallen or the noonday of his life. He was not-he said between the paroxysms-tremendous ly-the long word halted on his lips-afraid; he could see-a languid smile touching his white drawn mouth-Light. And mother and Nell were praying-always. A fragment of a child's hymn, "There Is a Happy Land." was on his tongue as he passed away. He looked no more than ten years old as they wrapped what stood for a coffin there about him

When all was done Neville, who had never loved anything before, drifted about like a lost dog, doubly weighted by the dire thought that it was he who must write home and tell the news-he, who found words so hard always, especially the language of a tenderness he had never known. Searching wildly for consolations, a happy idea struck him at the sight of a staff sergeant with a photographic camera. He would ask him to "take" the mound of Indian earth, which was all that remained to

the mother and sister of their boy. When first he saw the result Neville was vexed, for a brooding figure which he recognized stood by the grave. "I never meant you to take me, ser-

But the sergeant, a knowledgeable person. replied, "Don't be a fool, man! It's just the thing to comfort a woman to see some-

body there looking sorry.' Neville felt there was reason in this: the oneliness of the far-off grave had oppressed his own spirit. He sent the little ricture, with a brief note, whose brevity failed to conceal a personal and passionate

When the answer came he rushed away with it to the wilds. Many sheets long and

him a home and a mother and sister. He put his finger on that last word, with something between a laugh and a sob, as he lay on the Indian hillside and watched the and, stooping, kissed.

big, bright stars come solemnly out. "No, 'sister,' not that!" he said, then asked himself harshly, what right had

Nevertheless, from that hour he pursued the dream ardently and wrought it into his life. Little tokens of the new tie came to him, provoking that same laughter born of tears in his heart. Nobody had ever given him a present before. There were cambric handkerchiefs worked with his initials, a pretty prayer book and a piece of silk exquisitely embroidered, which, he was informed, was a mysterious object called a

Now chairs do not obtain in a barrack stiff and haughty to his new relative. room, and even if they did, this sacred fabric could not be thus degraded. After much painful cogitation, he eventually had it put in an elaborate frame, and curtly though Nell trembled afresh at every item informed the room that whoever laid a in her new prospect, love was, nevertheless, desecrating finger upon it must reckon with | in the end lord of all. him. His arm, if spare, was powerful, and his sword always his bond. Besides, the men of his company had known the dead, and most soldiers in such matters dicated the letter sternly with his thumb, are oddly loyal. The little story of the perhaps, guessing something more-and all Erne had letters by every mail, and one showed a rude tenderness for the inconarrived when Neville was there. The recip- gruous ornament. Even that awful perient chucked it carelessly on the coverlet | sonage, the colonel, noticed and admired it.

till he should have finished an exciting | Neville wrote a brief letter of thanks, game of draughts with a neighbor. Ne- and by legrees others, longer. Gradually, Nell ceased to sign herself his "affectionate twice, then-by accident-upset the board. sister." At last there came a day-most of us have known one such in our lives -when the arid world burst into blossom and song; and, of that new world, the lonely Neville was king and Nell queen-elect. His own life-story, told badly according to his stern notion of honor in his first epistle, had pleaded his cause better than all the flateries of poor Erne's "Johnnies."

> The regiment left India, and when he came "home" there was a wonderful meeting indeed. For each, the dream fell far sort of the reality. "Oh, mother, isn't he beautiful!" Nell

whispered that night, with her face hidden

on her mother's shoulder. Neville had no one to make a similar remark to, but on the next morning, when he eyes bent on her prayer book, and caught the murmur of her soft voice blended with his own, his heart sang a louder Te Deum than the whole choir and organ put to-

That Sunday afternoon, as the three sat cozily round the fire, a strange thing happened. Neville brought out before themit was a bit of his stubborn honesty-the locket which the big policeman had found Puck. on his neck at the station, twenty years handed it to him with his numerous certificates of merit when he joined the army.

Nell had it in her hand, and was studying it with tender interest, Neville leaning over her shoulder to say, with a tinge of bitterness, "My whole family inheritance-when the mother began to stare and tremble, then snatched it from her daughter, ran to the window and held it full in the red sunset light.

She came back, and, very pale, made Neville, surprised and a trifle defiant, tell his tale over again. Then in her turn she related how her mistress's young brother had run away from home after a boyish escapade and was heard of no more save once. when an unsigned letter came from India. with just such a locket and just such a photograph in it.

"That was him," Mrs. Erne sobbed, "and this is him. And now I know why, when I first saw you, you didn't look like a stranger to me. And your name-why, that was poor Master Harold's second one, to be sure." A minute more and her clever fingers, used to delicate manipulation of silks and laces, found, pasted at the back of the picture, a tiny paper. This detached, a name, regiment and date stood fully revealed-"Harold Neville Arabin, -th Dragoons, Sept., 185-.'

Neville, half-stunned, grew stiff and stern. Nell began to tremble and shrink wistfully. They talked the thing over late into the night, but though Mrs. Erne was all excitement, Nell had become very quiet and silent, and made excuses to be little in Neville's company.

When Neville returned from seeing the

solemn old-fashioned firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn Fields who transacted the business of the Arabin family, he was still ike a frozen man, and more grave and reticent than before. But every now and then a sudden flood of radiance transfigured his eyes, and a dreamy smile fluttered, as it vere half timorously, across his set mouth. Nell perceived the coldness, but not the eager passion, part joy, part fear, it veiled, She was, in fact, though she loved him, scarcely as yet acquainted with her lover. loud, slapping his studious mentor on the | She told herself that now, as he realized back as an old slow coach. Neville long | the truth, his pride was up in arms, and remembered the sunny blue eyes and ring- | that it struggled with his honor. "For he ing laugh as his flaxen head disappeared is honorable," she told herself with a burst of tears, as she sat alone in her little room. looking forlornly at her pretty face in the glass. "So, though he knows that is all I boy would have said, 'back out,' But I can be as proud as him, if I am the daughter of-his-aunt's-servant," and at the bitter thought she began to cry very softly, lest the sound should reach and grieve her

Mrs. Erne, on her side, was full of bewildered happiness at her Nell's good fortune. Though she was much more impressed than either Nell or Neville with the advantages of wealth and ancestry. her idea of her own child's charm and sweetness was naturally so great that the crisis of events caused her no alarm. "And then, my dear lady always wanted my Nell for her own," she reflected.

To Neville, still dazed at this sudden turn of the cards, and doubtful of his ability to fill this new and strange position, it never occurred that Nell also might have doubts and tremors, or that she could possibly imagine herself unworthy and despised. But e had to run hither and thither, to have complicated documents explained to him by the lawyer, to procure and assume the outward array of a gentleman, and knew

Matters came to a climax at last, when the three gathered in the little parlor. The hass plate, in spite of a request from Lady Wroughton, still remained on the door, and Mademoiselle Eleonore pursued her business with gentle obstinacy. She could not. however, always find excuses to evade her lover, especially when her mother, avoiding the timid reproach of her glance, declared openly that every stitch of work in

"And what's more," she said, "Nell sha'n't set needle in another yard of silkexcept for herself, if she likes-with my consent: eh. Mr. Neville?" the entire crop of Indiana. Hundreds of "Certainly not," said Neville Arabin, with

Then Mrs. Erne, leaning back in her chair, pursued thoughtfully-"And so it's all true. My poor lady, that

ween. Those stupid lawyers have been long enough seeking a clew, but I'll own they've been quick since they got this start.

Neville, steadfastly. It was not, however, Mrs. Erne's hand which he tried to take,

But Nell shrank back with downcast eyes. "No. Mr. Neville Arabin." she informed him, "you forget. My mother was your people's servant. You're a gentleman now." "I should be a gentleman, shouldn't I, if this made any difference?" said he with

"Why, child," Mrs. Erne faltered, "you'd have been a lady now but for my folly, and -and my love-" and she began to cry. Neville overbore them both, though Nell was very shy when reintroduced as a fu

ture niece to the patroness of her childhood, and a trifle proud and coy with her lover, who, on his side, was inclined to be

"I sometimes wish we had let the whole thing alone." he grumbled. But he became even a more ardent wooer than before, and

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Never mind. He will catch up."

An Odious Comparison.

Madge-Isn't Miss Autumn aging rapidly' Marjorie-Yes, indeed. She will soon have as many wrinkles as her French bulldog.

An Easy Part. Detroit Free Press. Youth-Oh, I don't want to take that character. I'll make a fool of myself, sure. Maiden-Well, you said you wanted an

On the Way Home.

She-Oh. I'm so tired! He-Poor little woman! You know Professor Buxley took me in to dinner; and he's so intelligent."

The Ravages of Time.

easy part.

Mrs. Walle-I'm sure the constant anxiety must have been terribly wearing. Mrs. Luers-Wearing? Why, in the last three years I've grown to look at least six months older!

Hardly the Thing to Do. Chicago Record.

"If I was Louise I'd be ashamed." "She's a member of the Audubon club and yet she has her bedroom fitted out in birdseye maple.

Not Amused.

Uncle Jabez-Oh, no! everybody ain't aughin' at Reuben for buyin' the green goods. He wishes everybody was. Uncle Hiram-How's that? Uncle Jabez-Well, his wife ain't.

Chicago Times-Herald. "I can trace my descent for eight gen

cended much more rapidly than that."

His Come-Down.

erations," he proudly declared. "Now, "My! My! My!" she exclaimed. "Now, had always supposed you must have de-

Baggageman-How's that?

Not for His Line of Goods. Baggageman-This frosty snap ought to give trade a boost. Drummer-Not much! Couldn't be worse.

Drummer-I'm selling Gullem's hay fever

Perfect System. Northern Visitor-But isn't there some danger that you might occasionally lynch the wrong man? Georgian-Not the least, sah. We have a

alphabetical ordah, sah.

Its Color. Detroit Free Press. She-Did you tell Mr. Luggs my hair was

He-I did not. She-He says you did. He-I did nothing of the kind. He asked me, and I told him it was the color

Distance Might Enchant. Baltimore American.

"My eyes are no longer like stars to you, suppose?" she exclaimed during a heated conversation with her presumed lord and Well, suppose you go away about a hundred million miles, and I'll take a look at them and decide," suggested the cruel, unfeeling man. for theft and assassination. As 1,400 wit-

Probably a Matter of Form. Chicago Tribune.

"What a large and elegant crowd you had at your wedding, dear! "Didn't I? They were our very best peo "By the way, who was that tall, fineooking man with the blond mustache?" "O, he was the detective papa hired to see that nobody carried away any of the

## OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Hailstones begin their fall as drops of rain. These get frozen into ice crossing a cold current of air on their way down. Common laborers in Spain get from 3 o 40 cents per day in the larger towns and rom 20 to 30 cents in the rural districts. During the present century 400 human lives, \$125,000,000 and 200 ships have been lost in fruitless efforts to find the north

There is room for 54,000 persons in St. Peter's Church, Rome; for 37,000 in Milan Cathedral, and for 25,000 in St. Paul's, Lon-On the big steamer Oceanic there is no seat at table marked No. 13, nor any cabin bearing that number. This is a concession

In spite of their unsanitary habits the Chinese often escape disease because their houses are well ventilated and the children receive a daily sun bath.

In the United States there are 134 cities

which have a population exceeding 30,000. They have a total population of 18,872,462.

The average population is 140,839. Canada's mineral resources, her vast for ests, her immense waterways, the great wheat lands of Manitoba and the West are the best to be found anywhere in the world In the archaic vaseroom at the British Museum any one can gaze upon babies feeding bottles of sun-baked clay which were antique when Joseph went into Egypt. So poor is the spelling in some of the Chicago schools that a return to the spelling methods of the country schools of two

Rural mail delivery is progressing in a way to satisfy both the people and the de-partment. In Carroll county, Maryland. every farm house now has a daily free mail Chicago now contains a greater population than all the cities of the United States

ontained in 1840, and New York now has a

lecades ago is earnestly advocated in that

greater population than all the cities to-gether had in 1850. One of the greatest difficulties encounered by medical missionaries in China is that patients, after receiving gratis a bot-tle of medicine, are apt to sell it to some one else for a trifle.

"Eucaine" is a newly discovered anesthetic by injection of which pain is deadened to a degree that greatly promotes the Philadelphia hospitals is reported. The wheat crop of Pawnee county, Kan-sas, is said to be greater this year than

machines are thrashing, but the job is not likely to be finished before the middle of The annual drink bill of Britain is £30 .-00,000 more than the total sum in the Postoffice Savings Bank. Roughly speaking, one-fourth of the amount of the national debt is spent every year by the people i

The number of discontented Turks mus

Might as well be out of the world as out of

...Style

Not a bit of use in being out of style when you can come here, where you may see all there is of style, and where you may buy a handsome Winter Wrap, Tailored Suit, Silk or Flannel Waist or Furs for such moderate prices.

New things every day. They don't get twentyfour hours old in New York before we show them here. Nice to know this, ladies, isn't it? Makes you feel comfortable to know that you are wearing the very

latest, doesn't it?

coats in tan, castor and black.



Our present showing is a most com-Our stupendous assortment of Tailor Suits makes it possible for us to please plete one, as it comprises everything from the little Kersey Jacket up to the everyone. Then there is a style and character to all that is not found in most gorgeous Ulster; but it is the intermediate lengths that we are especially "general stores." See the marvelous strong on-those stylish three-quarter

values at \$16.75, \$25.00, \$28.75 and \$35.00.

Velvet Coats In the most desirable shapes, some are plain and elegant, others are elaborately trimmed in jet, braid, etc. Flannel Waists About one-hundred dozen came Saturday. Fresh and nobby styles, some fancy, others plain, made of the

IMPORTANT-All our styles are confined to us and cannot be found elsewhere.

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PAINT.

£1,000,000 (\$4,888,000) has been spent by the

Sultan in trying to persuade the fugitives There is a street in Chicago named Fake street, whose residents have petitioned the city government for a change of name. It was named before the word acquired its popular significance-probably in the Scot-

tish meaning of a stratum of stone In China the silver tael is the monetary unit, but its value varies in the different cities. For instance, at Chee-Foo, on July 1900, it was worth 67.8 cents, while at Hai-Kwan it was worth 72.1. The Hai-Kwan tael is that used in the official sta-

meter and thirteen times wider in surface than the moon does to us. The illumination of the earth is fourteen times greater on the moon than that of the moon on the The town of Palma, near Mount Vesuius, Italy, has just witnessed the trial of 340 criminals belonging to an association

As seen from the moon the earth would

appear four times greater than the dia-

nesses had to be called the court adjourned for the sake of room to the municipal Rubber stamps were used by the Moors thousand years before Christ; and about the time Rome was founded the same ingenious race invented the self-registering turnstile, such as is used to-day to check

the admissions to places of public enter-It may be of information to a good many out in regular factories, one of which is located in a county in Wisconsin. The relic-makers have a secret process by which an ancient appearance is imparted to bones,

pots, arrow heads, etc. Charles Allen colored, has brought suit in Columbus against the members of a jury in a justice's court for \$5,000 damages. He claims that the jury returned a verdict against him in a case in which he recently appeared as plaintiff solely because he is a

colored man and was suing a white man. South Carolina pegroes have started new industry by the hand-picker of phos-phate rock. During the sum they anchor boats on the Coosaw from seventeen to twenty-fry eet deep. and dive for the fertilizing rock, sometimes bringing up a fragment weighing 100 ounds. The phosphate from the river bed is the most valuable known.

Home Folks. Home Folks! Well, that-air name, to me, Sounds jis the same as poetry-That is, of poetry is jis As sweet as I've hearn tell it is!

Home Folks—they're jis the same as kin—All brung up same as we have bin, Without no overpowerin' sense Home Folks has crops to plant and plow. Er lives in town and keeps a cow But whether country-jakes er town, They know when eggs is up er down.

Oh, home folks, you're the best of all 'At ranges this terestchul ball-But north or south er east er west. It's home is where you're at your best. Home Folks-at home-I know o' one Old feller now 'at haint got none Invite him-to may hold back sor But you invite him, and he'll come.

-James Whitcomb Riley. Insure with German Fire Insurance of

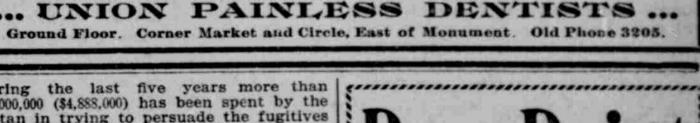
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guments are of little avail. It is useless to at-

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empt to reform a drunkard by appeals to nis

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